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M. GEORGE JACOBI.

M. JACOBI, whose ballet for next Christmas at the Alhambra will be the rooth of his composition (*The Gathering of the Clans*, produced last month, being number 99), was born in Berlin on the day before the feast of St. Valentine, 1840. His first master was Edward Ganz, and at about eight years of age he had already played a violin solo at a concert! For a short time, he was a pupil at the Conservatoire at Brussels under the celebrated player and composer, Charles de Beriot; but after that musician had been stricken with blindness, young Jacobi was removed by his father to Paris. There the great Auber heard him and admitted him to the class of M. L. Massart at the Conservatoire. He remained a pupil of M. Massart until 1861, when, in public competition, he won the first prize for violin playing. Long before this, he was performing in theatrical orchestras, having commenced, at the age of eleven, as second violin at the Théâtre des Ambigus. For two years subsequently, he played at the *Comédie Française*, of which Offenbach was the musical director, after which time he obtained the post of first violin at the Grand Opera. Here he remained for nine years, and then undertook the conductorship of the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiennes, where he directed the productions of numerous operas by his friend Offenbach. In 1871, he visited England with his wife—for he had married Mlle. Marie Pilate—and for a time played the first violin at Covent Garden under Ardit and Vianesi. After a brief return to Paris, he accepted an engagement to conduct at the London Alhambra, then under the management of Mr. John Baum. The engagement was originally for three months, but it was spun out for eleven years, until the theatre was burnt down. Thence he took his band to the Aquarium, where he directed Promenade Concerts for five weeks, and after various short engagements, which included the productions of *A Voyage to the Moon*, at Her Majesty's, and *La Vie and Nell Gwynne*, at the Avenue and the Comedy, he returned to the new Alhambra, where he has remained ever since. In addition to the 99 ballets above referred to, M. Jacobi has composed several operas, among which may be cited: *Le Feu aux Poudres*, first performed in 1868; *La Nuit du 15 Octobre*, played at the Bouffes Parisiennes in 1869; one half of *The Black Crook*, which ran for 310 nights at the London Alhambra; *La Mariée depuis Midi*, written for Madame Judic; and *Le Clairon*, produced in 1883 at the Renaissance Theatre in Paris. In addition, he has written a quantity of violin music, including two concertos.

M. Jacobi is a charming companion, and has a very ready wit. He is full of humour—as in my experience every true musician always is. He possesses a fund of anecdote, dealing with the most prominent of his contemporaries in the musical world. Carl Rosa was at one time his pupil, and he can discourse for hours from personal knowledge of Lecoq, Sullivan, Wagner, Gounod, Verdi, Hervé, Fred Clay, Rossini, and many other celebrities. He has played before the last named. It will readily be perceived that his reminiscences of the brilliant

actors and actresses who have appeared during his time at the Alhambra, are most interesting, and would, indeed, form a valuable contribution to the history of the stage. I do not know whether he contemplates such a literary effort as this would involve. But material, at least, would not be lacking. Rose Bell, Kate Munro, Sara (nicknamed "Wiry Sal") Selina Dolaro, Constance Loseby, Cornélie D'Anka, what memories even these few names revive! Taglioni, the peerless, spent much of her time previous to her death, in 1887, at the house of M. and Mme. Jacobi. In conclusion, the subject of our portrait for this month is one of the most genial of men, the kindest friend, and among the finest masters of instrumentation in Europe.

P. R.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall closed in the first week of last month, but not before Mr. Henry J. Wood had introduced a programme which comprised more absolute novelties than have, probably, ever been heard before at a single concert. The Prelude to the first act of *Guntram*, an opera only completed last year by Richard Strauss; an *Andante Funèbre* by Johan S. Svensden; a "Boyard's March" by Halvorsen, a young Swedish composer hitherto unknown in this country; the overture to *Rosalind*, an opera by Mr. Harold Vicars; the prelude to Xavar Scharwenka's opera, *Mataswintha*; the *Marche Solennelle*, by Tschaikowski; the overture to Massenet's *Phédre*; and the Minuet from Charles Lucas's opera, *Anne Hathaway*, were all performed for the first time in England! Such a list speaks volumes for the enterprise of the management, and I can safely say that the composers who were heard in London for the first time had no reason to regret the interpretation given to their works. Never did a band play more carefully and sympathetically than that led by Mr. Arthur W. Payne, and while the intellectual and subtle beauties of such pieces as the prelude to *Mataswintha*, and Tschaikowski's *Marche*, could not fail to be the more prominent, Mr. Harold Vicars and Mr. Clarence Lucas must, if present, have been intensely gratified by the rendering of their works.

THE fifteenth season of the Kentish Town Musical Society was opened at Stanley Hall, Junction Road, N., on October 2nd, when a Smoking Concert of more than usual merit attracted a large audience. The programme was well compounded of grave and gay, the "Daphne Trio" in some very amusing part songs, and Mr. Will. E. Edwards in some capital comic efforts, contributing not a little to the humorous side of the proceedings. Other prominent artists were Mr. Herbert Emlyn, Mr. Sidney Isom, Mr. Robert Grice, and Mr. Evan Evans. All the numbers were perfectly accompanied by Mr. Tom. Physick. The second concert of the season was held on October 16th, and the series will be continued on every alternate Wednesday night until and including December 11th, when a pause is made for the Christmas Holidays. The concerts

will be resumed on January 8th, 1896, and terminate on March 18th. The nights of November 27th and February 19th are "Ladies" nights. The Society is now fifteen years old; it seems likely to live for ever, for it is conducted on sound business principles, as the balance-sheet annexed to the programme of the first concert ably testifies.

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The Gathering of the Clans at the Alhambra is M. Jacobi's latest ballet. This time it is but a short one, being comprised in a single scene. Nevertheless there is scope, not only for some admirably characteristic Scotch dancing, but also for some very effective Scotch and other music. That no Highlandman may go away dissatisfied, three real Scotch pipers are engaged, and at intervals they have it all their own way, the orchestra very considerably abstaining from any interference. When M. Jacobi's band finds the music, it is of a very delightful character, and the entire ballet reflects the utmost credit upon the inventor, Signor Carlo Coppi. The dresses and general arrangement are most picturesque. The theme is so good (that of "Young Lochinvar"), that one wonders it had not been thought of before for treatment of this kind.

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MR. DAVID BISPHAM announces his intention of giving, during the winter months, three concerts of popular classical music, arranged in chronological order, to take place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoons, December 10th, January 7th, and February 11th, at 3.30. On December 10th, the music will be of the old style, and played by Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch (on the Lute and Viola da Gamba), and Mr. Fuller Mainland on the harpsichord.

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THE season of English Opera at Covent Garden opened bravely on October 12th with *Tannhäuser*, in which Mr. E. C. Hedmond played the title rôle minus the flaxen beard and *chevelure* which are usually associated with that Knight. He was evidently suffering from nervousness, and his intonation was not always correct. He, however, gave a very capable rendering of the part in its dramatic aspect. Miss Alice Esty as Elisabeth it would be difficult to praise too highly under all the circumstances; her appearance at once bespoke the sympathy of the audience, and her singing, though not possessing the volume expected in a *prima donna* of grand opera, was beautifully clear and sympathetic. Miss Clare Addison was good as the "Young Shepherd" who appears in the third act, and Mr. Alex. Bevan gave a grand impersonation of the Landgrave. Mr. David Bispham shone conspicuously as Wolfram, though he had apparently adopted the *coiffure* neglected by *Tannhäuser*, and this gentleman's triumph was even more complete on the following Wednesday when he sang the part of Wotau in *Die Walküre*, of which more anon.

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Lohengrin, on Monday, October 14th, despite some defects, went very well. The orchestra, ably directed as on the opening night by Herr Feld, gave a commendable performance, and the conductor was probably not responsible for the brass band behind the scenes towards the end of Act II. being lamentably at fault. Undoubtedly the chief honours rested with Miss Alice Esty, the Elsa, and Miss Rosa Olitzka, the Ortruda. Mr. Sheffield, the Herald, and Mr. Goff as Frederick Telramund, deserve a word of praise, but Mr. Franklin Clive could not invest his King—always an uninteresting personage—with any

particular charm. I was not enraptured by Mr. Hedmond's *Lohengrin*. Certainly he sang well, if you discount the fact that his words often appeared to be of his own composition, and about as intelligible as Double Dutch. On Wednesday, October 16th, *Die Walküre* was given, and on that occasion not only Mr. Hedmond, but every member of the company, fairly startled the public by their excellence. An old opera-goer told me that he had never heard a better performance anywhere or in any language! Miss Strong gave an extraordinary revelation of the latent powers in our midst that only need to be called out. Mr. Hedmond, too, was masterly, and Mr. David Bispham and Miss Olitzka could hardly have been improved upon. It is not a little curious that this most difficult opera should be precisely that in which the English troupe most brilliantly excels.

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ON October 17th, *Carmen* was the work selected. Miss Agnes Janson gave an admirable impersonation of the gypsy girl, and threw into it a very strong dash of *diablerie*. At one point in the third act I thought she rather overdid it, but on the whole her acting—like her singing—was first-rate. The José of Mr. Philip Brozel was highly creditable, and his dramatic power was evident in his last scene with *Carmen*. Mr. W. Goff as Escamillo was rather overweighted; he did not make much of the "Toréador" song, though he was, of course, encored. The Michaela of Miss Alice Esty revealed that young lady in yet another favourable and pleasing light. The little singing that is allotted to the part she negotiated extremely well. This is always an insipid character, and I always feel sorry for those who have to play it. It is no great catch—as the vulgar phrase goes. Michaela has to stand by tamely and see the wicked *Carmen* carry the audience before her. Miss Clare Addison as Frasquita more than justified the good opinion I formed of her in the small part of the "young shepherd" in *Tannhäuser*. On Saturday, October 19th, the last-named opera was repeated, it being exactly fifty years that day since it was performed at the Court Theatre, Dresden, for the first time. Miss Macintyre was now the heroine, and enlisted everyone's sympathies in her portrayal of Elisabeth. A laurel wreath was presented to Mr. Hedmond at the end of the first act, and it occurred to him to hand this tribute on to Mr. David Bispham, who, as before, played Wolfram. The audience was quick to appreciate this unrehearsed effect, and to applaud so graceful an action. The performance was really praiseworthy. The season is a pronounced artistic success, though the orchestra is still capable of improvement in some respects. In *Tannhäuser* the chorus is, numerically, too weak.

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SIR CHARLES HALLÉ died rather suddenly on October 25th at his house, Greenhays, Manchester. He was born in Germany in 1819, so that he was 76 years old. At an early age he had acquired a considerable reputation as a pianist, and for some time he resided in Paris. On the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1848 he came to England, and lived principally in Manchester, where he was the conductor of the at one time celebrated "Gentlemen's Concerts," and in 1861 instituted a series of Chamber Music Concerts. For many years his was a familiar figure at Mr. S. Arthur Chappell's Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, London, where he enjoyed the greatest vogue as a sound, accurate, and polished pianist. In 1883, he was made conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, an appointment



which occasioned some heart-burning among English musicians at the time, but which he filled with ability to his death. He conducted, indeed, on October 22nd last, when he appeared to be in the best of health.

He was knighted in 1888, and Madame Norman Néruda, his distinguished colleague at the "Pops," became Lady Hallé. To her everyone's sympathy will be sincerely extended in her bereavement, especially since she was unable to be present at the last, being engaged in Copenhagen at the time. Miss Néruda was, however, with her stepfather during his brief illness, which, beginning with a shivering fit, culminated in apoplexy and cerebral hemorrhage. Sir Charles had only returned about three weeks previously from South Africa, and had to all appearance greatly benefitted by the change.

THE Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were resumed for the season on October 12th, when Mr. Manns received a genial welcome from an audience that, however enthusiastic, was by no means overflowing. The only novelty introduced at the first concert was a brace of "Characteristic Pieces for Orchestra" by Mr. J. F. Barnett. They were labelled respectively *Liebeslied* and *Im Alten Styl*, but their foreign titles could not disguise their eminently British origin. The *Liebeslied*—or "Love Song" as the programme kindly translated for the benefit of those unacquainted with the German language—is a poor thing, quite unworthy of being included in a Crystal Palace Saturday programme. A commonplace theme of the clapper order is handled with the reverse of extraordinary ingenuity, and the effect, though not unpleasant (perhaps because very familiar) at the outset, is spoiled by the lack of musicianly development. *Im Alten Styl* proved to be a kind of *Gavotte*, and embodied a lively if not very original tune. Some skill is shown in the part writing, but the endeavour to reproduce the ancient manner is frankly abandoned at times,—especially in a somewhat pretentious *coda* which is quite "out of the picture." A Frenchman would have embroidered on Mr. Barnett's first theme with delicacy and originality while adhering to the olden style. But Mr. Barnett's hand is too heavy, and he seems to forget that some of his able combinations would have been undreamed of in the kind of piece.

THE second concert on October 19th was in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the institution of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts (the first of which took place on October 20th, 1855). The programme was selected from the works of British composers whose compositions had been performed for the first time at these concerts. Accordingly a bill of fare was presented which comprised the names—Hamish MacCunn, Hubert Parry, Arthur Sullivan, Villiers Stanford, F. H. Cowen, and A. C. Mackenzie. In addition a new symphony by Mr. H. Walford Davies was offered for the first time in public. This work showed unmistakable evidence of earnestness and capability, but in his feverish endeavour to avoid the commonplace, Mr. Davies seems to have gone to the opposite extreme. He starts in horror from simplicity (especially in the first two movements), and his score presents a series of surprises, some of which are extremely ingenious, while others are of a rather painful nature. The third movement, *Allegretto*, is perhaps the most fanciful and the best inspired. The last, *Allegro Vivace*, is powerful and resourceful. It is impossible to listen to this music without conceding a

large measure of genius to the composer, who is still very young. In subsequent works, to which I look forward with great interest, it is to be hoped, and, indeed, anticipated, that Mr. Davies will give us something quite as original, but a little more muscular, and that he will discard the affectation and pretentiousness which are besetting sins of youth.

ON October 26th, Mr. Edward German's *Suite*, composed for the Leeds Festival of this year, was given at the Crystal Palace, the composer himself wielding the baton. The Palace band played the work *con amore*, but I really believe that, had Mr. Manns conducted, the performance would have been even better. Mr. German is a grand musician, but he is not, therefore, necessarily a born conductor; and considering that the gentlemen of the orchestra are accustomed to Mr. Manns, while they are not accustomed to Mr. German, it is only natural to conjecture that they would more readily respond to the beat of the former than to that of the latter. However this may be, the *ensemble* left something to be desired in places, though no possible faults in the interpretation could have seriously obscured the magnificent character of the music. It consists of four movements: Prelude, Graceful Waltz, Elegy, and Saltarello. The Prelude is the most musically important, because most extended and developed. It is as dexterous a piece of writing as Mr. German has ever put forth. Delightful from start to finish it embodies phrases of the purest and most appealing originality. The Waltz is delicious in its captivating melody and its scholarly contrivance. The Elegy is impassioned and beautiful: the Saltarello is as original as anything in this hackneyed rhythm could be. Mr. German received an ovation which he well deserved; his latest contribution to British music may well make Englishmen feel proud. Dvůřák's American Symphony "From the New World" closed the proceedings; and this masterly work, which embodies negro melodies of the sweetest description (or tunes which Dvůřák has founded on them), was played to absolute perfection under the direction of Mr. Manns.

MR. ERNEST FOWLES will give four concerts at Queen's (Small) Hall on Fridays, November 8th and 22nd, and December 6th and 20th. The programmes will be entirely devoted to Chamber music by British composers. In addition to such well-known names as Sterndale Bennett, Stanford, Mackenzie and Hubert Parry, those of the rising musicians, Walford Davies, Algernon Ashton, Gerard F. Cobb, B. Luard Selby, and several others, are included in the scheme. These concerts cannot but prove attractive to those who have the interest of British music at heart.

UNDER the auspices of the Sunday League, the first performance of the Sunday Philharmonic Orchestra took place on October 27th, at the Myddleton Hall, Islington, when Mr. Norfolk Megone conducted a highly creditable concert. A selection from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, "The Wedding March," and some of Mr. E. German's music to *Henry VIII.*, were among the pieces introduced by the band, which is made up of ladies as well as gentlemen. Mr. Trefelyn Davies and Miss Adela Bona were the vocalists, the first named contributing in "For the Children's Sake," one of the most namby-pamby songs I ever heard. Mr. Theo. Carrington gave a finished interpretation of two violin solos, by Sarasate.

P. R.

CATHOLICITY OF TASTE IN MUSIC.

WE often hear it said that the ideal of musical judgment is the purest catholicity—that we should recognise that there are diversities of taste, and that no one has any right to set up his own standard as an infallible guide for other people. It is urged that, as different persons quite honestly like different sorts of music, therefore the musician should do his best to please everyone all round, and acknowledge that all styles are worthy of cultivation. It is pointed out that at different periods very different styles have been in the ascendant, and that it is running a great risk to assert at all confidently that one individual opinion has any right of coercive influence over another. As it is really impossible to give any logical reasons for artistic judgments which shall inevitably compel the assent of others, therefore, it is said, we must recognise and tolerate the existence of all tastes as having each a real *raison d'être*. There are many otherwise excellent musicians, we hear (and the fact is quite true), who wrap themselves up in a few narrowly-limited artistic interests, outside which they never tread, and look upon all who are not within this very small charmed circle as lost in the outer darkness. Many others, again, are so confined to their own special branch of the art that they take no real interest in it as a whole; or they are so sure that all that can be said in music has been said in the past, that they will not even trouble to consider new paths, and shut themselves accordingly against every breath of new influences. Surely, we hear it said, a true musician should be willing to welcome everything, to enter into every sphere of artistic interest however humble, to join hands in fellowship with every worker in his art, and, generally, to be ready to accept with enthusiasm every sign of musical interest of any kind.

Of course there is a very great deal of truth in all this, but still there is a great possibility that the dogma of catholicity of taste may be carried to a point which is really subversive of all that is best in art. Leaving for the moment the consideration of the true catholicity, let us look at the effects of the false form, as we see them everywhere around us. After all, however much we may admit about degrees of appreciation and grades of excellence, still there inevitably comes a point when the musician must take his stand and say:—"I know that this thing which you like is radically bad, and I will not admit your claim for equal consideration for your opinion till you can show that you have been through an equally searching general artistic training. No doubt this music may give you as keen pleasure as any other does to me: that has nothing whatever to do with the question." No one can argue about feeling; if any one conscientiously prefers a music-hall song to a Beethoven symphony, it is impossible to argue him out of his belief—the only thing to be done is to refuse *à priori* to take his view into consideration at all. At some point or other artistic intolerance becomes inevitable; and many musicians are, to our mind, inclined to be far too tolerant about the quality of the music for which, as teachers, executants, or programme-makers, they are responsible. We often hear it said that "good music" is so hard to understand at first, that children, and others who are artistically in the infant stage, must be fed on inferior music before they can appreciate greater works. But this is one of the points on which we are most firmly convinced that the ordinary method is radically wrong. There is no possible reason why any child should hear one single note of any but first-class music from the start;

there are thousands of folk-tunes and national dances which will implant a lasting taste for good music—there is no place for the wretched modern "teaching pieces" when we can have easy examples of men like Haydn or Mozart. If the first artistic knowledge is given by means of bad music, the taste may often remain permanently vitiated. We may acknowledge with our lips the superiority of the great names; but we shall often be looking back secretly to our old loves, or at any rate not be able to see any particular difference in artistic merit. A very large proportion of an ordinary concert-audience would have no real capacity for detecting the fraud were a moderately well executed or even a bad imitation of Beethoven or Wagner put before them as a genuine work; their artistic feelings would have been blunted by "drawing-room music" and ballads which bear about as much resemblance to the old English songs which are often met at their side in programmes as Frith's *Derby Day* in the National Gallery does to the Turners in the next room. These are the results of over-catholicity of taste. At our festivals we, with sublime unconsciousness, place works which deserve, but too rarely receive, all the seven vials of the wrath of critics side by side with the great masterpieces, and apparently do not often realise that our catholicity of taste is thus becoming perilously like indifference as to the real quality of the music. At our opera-houses we give *Fidelio* or *Don Giovanni* or *Die Meistersinger* one night, and *La Traviata* or *The Bohemian Girl* the next, without considering that it would be about as reasonable to put Shakespeare side by side with an Adelphi melodrama. Far be it from us to depreciate the spirit of toleration which has won such countless victories in all fields in this last half of the nineteenth century; but still if it is going to lead us into weak-kneed compromise with what we hold to be radically bad, we had better return to the good old days of intolerance. We cannot have democracy in art and literature. In all the "things of the spirit" the numerical majority is fairly safe to be in the wrong; just as in practical matters the mass of people must simply do what they are told, so in theoretical and æsthetic questions they must simply be left out of account altogether.

We would not wish for a moment to be supposed to have anything but the warmest praise for all effort to diffuse wider and *truer* (far the more important point of the two) knowledge of the treasures laid up for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. All honour to those who attempt, in however small a way, to idealise the standpoint from which others regard art—to make them see and know "the light that never was on sea or land." But the only method to start with is that of a stern intolerance. We must not give too strong meat at first; we can be as simple and childlike as we wish—there is no difficulty about that—but we must lean rather even to the exclusion of something good than to the inclusion of anything even hypothetically bad. Later on we may think and distinguish without external help. In the first steps we can no more be trusted to find our artistic way for ourselves than a blind man in a London street. The one thing needful, at once the most difficult to ensure and the most vitally important, is that our guides shall not be blind too. There are, unfortunately, not a few persons who hold the positions of artistic leaders who, in their desire for catholicity of taste, and giving pleasure to everyone all round, recall to mind Sheridan's epigram about Joseph Surface in *The School for Scandal*: "He has too good a character to be

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an honest fellow; he bows as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue."

Of course, and we would be the last to deny it, there is a right and very necessary sort of catholicity of taste. Everything that is good and fulfils a worthy, even if slight, purpose well, is entitled to all our respect. If everyone had always sternly refused to listen to anything but the classical masterpieces, none of the newer composers whom we now rank side by side with their forerunners, would ever have been heard at all. We must not let our admiration for the great men of the past blind us to the merits of the possible great men of the future. We must be ready to welcome all new earnest individual work in every field as ungrudgingly as we listen again and again to our old favourites. The one thing we must have, and we can only gain it by study and experience, is discrimination—the power of distinguishing between superficial cleverness and real talent, between the complexity of the great thoughts of some men or the simplicity of those of others, and the obscurity or emptiness of no thoughts at all. There is no possible reason why, in this truer catholicity, we should shut out the slighter fields of art. We can recognise the merits of good dance or ballet music without thereby bringing ourselves down to the level of the music-hall song or the comedy-burlesque. The one real distinction is between the good and the bad; and there is quite enough variety in the different aspects of the good to prevent us from ever longing after the other. But, within the limits of the good, we must be as catholic as we can; we may, of course, have our individual special predilections, but we must firmly hold together in our mind all the varied moods of the great masters of music, from Palestrina or Bach down to Wagner or Brahms. In our admiration for the colour and rhythmical sense of Dvůřák, we must not pass by the childlikeness and purity of Haydn; when we think of the dignity and force of the *Messiah*, we must not forget the passion and tragedy of the *Götterdämmerung*. There is plenty of good music which is very little known; we can give up to that the time we give to music which is not good. Of course, in music, as in everything else, we cannot draw an absolute line between the good and the bad—they slide into one another imperceptibly; but we can at any rate make sure of our position by drawing the line if anything a little too much on the side of the good—we may perhaps exclude something that is not bad, but anyhow we shall not include anything that is not good. Catholicity of taste, in the only true sense, means the inclusion of all that is really worthy, not the inclusion of all that may happen to commend itself to anyone of no knowledge and no training. "Let us learn how to admire," was a favourite saying of a well-known literary writer of the past generation. That is a true motto also for the musician.

ERNEST WALKER.

VARIA.

We were speaking last month about the general characteristics of musical festivals in England, and recently an object-lesson in festivals has been brought to our notice from Germany. A three days' festival was held at the close of September in the little town of Meiningen, in the Thuringian district. The programmes consisted of nothing but masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, and were as follows:—September 27th: Morning concert in the theatre—*Beethoven*, Quartet in B flat, op. 130; *Brahms*, Sonata for pianoforte and

clarinet in F minor; *Beethoven*, Quartet in C major, op. 59. Evening concert in the church—*Bach*, Matthäus-Passion, in which the chorales were sung by an invisible choir from the opposite end of the church with the most remarkable effect. September 28th: Evening Concert in the theatre—*Bach*, Concerto in B flat for viole da braccio, viole da gamba, violoncellos and basses; *Beethoven*, Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; *Brahms*, Quartets for solo-voices and pianoforte (accompanied by the composer); *Brahms*, Double Concerto in A minor; *Brahms*, "Handel-Variations" for pianoforte; *Brahms*, Symphony in C minor. September 29th: Morning concert in the theatre—*Brahms*, Clarinet Quintet in B minor; *Beethoven*, Quartet in F minor; *Brahms*, String Quintet in G. Evening concert in the church—*Brahms*, Triumphlied; *Beethoven*, Missa Solennis; *Bach*, cantata, "Nun ist das Heil." These are something like festival programmes, indeed! The general conductor was Herr Fritz Steinbach, and the principal soloists were the Joachim Quartet from Berlin, Herr Eugen d'Albert, Herr Mühlfeld, Fräulein Nathan, Frau Walter-Choinanus, and Herren Anthes, Perron, and Settekorn. The chorus, numbering 461, was entirely selected out of the little Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, the largest town in which (Meiningen itself) has barely 12,000 inhabitants; and two-thirds of the orchestra of 91 players was made up of the regular ducal band attached to the Court. No praise could be too high for the general performances. The chorus and orchestra sang and played throughout as if they knew the extremely difficult music by heart: Dr. Joachim was in his very finest form, completely disproving any superficial deduction from his advancing years, and the quartet-playing was ideal to an extent that we in England know but little of: Herr d'Albert played, as so few pianists do now-a-days, as an artist first and a *virtuoso* a long way after: Fräulein Nathan and Herr Anthes were especially excellent among the singers: and the audiences, which filled the church and the theatre to the last corner, in spite of the almost unbearable heat, were enthusiastic to the most extreme degree. There was none of that merely fashionable applause so often heard in England; there was not one item in the programmes appealing to any but real musicians. And further—a point which always strikes one forcibly in Germany—there was no sort of rivalry or "aristocratic" feeling about the performances. The names of every individual of the chorus and orchestra were entered in full in the programme, with the professions of the tenors and basses; Herr Mühlfeld, fresh from his triumphs in the Quintet and Sonata, went back to his modest place in the orchestra: Brahms could be seen in the intervals in the great booth in the market-place drinking beer and eating bread and cheese side by side with the humblest members of the chorus. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen—an embodiment of the highest type of an art-loving prince—though prevented by ill-health from personally attending the concerts, interested himself, like all his family, in every detail with the most warm-hearted generosity, and entertained several of the principal artists as his guests in the palace. Nor must it be forgotten that, although preparations for this festival had been long in progress, and rehearsals had been held with a diligence unknown here (there were, for example, eighty rehearsals of the Beethoven Mass with piano, before those with orchestra) yet music goes on at Meiningen all the year round; symphony and chamber concerts, and the highest class of dramatic performances in the theatre, keep up the artistic feeling of the little town at a pitch that we in England can hardly realise.

But in Germany it is by no means an exceptional case—more or less the same thing goes on in many other small towns throughout the country. At this festival at Meiningen, though the price of tickets was extraordinarily small—one pound for the best reserved seats for all three days of the festival—yet there was no financial deficit, but a surplus, although the Duke had guaranteed all the expenses. There was none of that "charity" interest which takes away from the purely artistic nature of our English festivals; everyone who took part did so out of pure love for the art, and the results were certainly of a kind to make us think. Why should not the Duke of Westminster, for example, start something of the sort in Chester? He could probably not get small tradesmen of the little towns in Cheshire to sing Bach and Brahms, but he might at any rate subsidise an orchestra. Until we are sufficiently educated to form a real musical atmosphere, in which extraneous interests of fashion and things of that sort shall find no place, there is nothing to meet our needs but subvention either by the State or by private individuals. We must look forward to State-aided opera houses all over England, where works can be performed in the highest manner without thoughts of possible financial loss; we must hope for provincial resident orchestras which will regularly give concerts of uncompromisingly good music at low prices. Surely some of the leaders of the English aristocracy might find a legitimate outlet for some of their superfluous wealth in supporting orchestras to give the best music in the best style; surely a Government might, if only occasionally, give up spending thousands and thousands a year on such things as sinecures and undeserved pensions, and remember that there is such a thing as art.

In a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, there was published a curious article by Friedrich Nietzsche (one of the great examples, it may be remembered, of Max Nordau's *Degeneration*), in which were contained some reflections on the different emotional results of Wagner's operas and of Bizet's *Carmen*. The article in itself is hardly worthy of consideration, but it may suggest some thoughts on the scope and influence of Bizet's work, and on the artistic foundations of its striking success. Of course it goes without saying that Wagner was incomparably the greater man of the two, yet we must never forget that Bizet died when he was only thirty-six, and that *Carmen*, in which his powers first really showed themselves (for his only other really remarkable work is the *L'Arlésienne Suite*), was produced only three months before his death in June, 1875. To our mind there is little doubt that *Carmen* is, taken as a whole, the finest work ever written by a Frenchman, though some things of Berlioz may be allowed to compete with it, and Massenet and Bruneau—both very remarkable talents—are rapidly pressing on our notice. Bizet certainly had a very fine subject to hand in Mérimée's splendid story; and though the libretto departs somewhat from the original, and is, when we think of Mérimée, a good deal of a literary drop, yet it is an admirable book for a composer, with great dramatic interest and strong and well-managed contrasts. The work, though curiously unsuccessful at first, soon attained a popularity which is still apparently undiminished; but very probably this popular favour can be traced mainly to two things—the Toreador's song, and the scope afforded by the title rôle to a great actress. When we see a supremely great *Carmen* like Mme. Calvé, the music certainly lives for us as it has perhaps never lived before, and from the dramatic point of view the

popularity of the work is perfectly natural; on the other hand, the Toreador's song, though fresh and bold, is not very distinctive, and is by no means one of the best numbers in the opera, and it is a great pity that to most people it is the principal thing with which the name of Bizet is associated. The opera really will not bear being judged by isolated portions—we must take it as a whole. Of course we may point to particular strokes of genius like the Habanera and the Seguidilla; but to appreciate the complete work we must look at it as one whole, with all its alternations of wild passion and gay light-heartedness, and the warmth of brilliant southern sunshine over it all. Of course the music is far from keeping on a level plane of genius—there are occasions when it does not strike us as anything very remarkable; yet the whole work sweeps on with perfect dramatic instinct, and we realize that in the great majority of cases the parts which do not appeal to us so much have yet their proper balance in the effect of the whole. Bizet has no fear about writing sheer boisterousness where the dramatic situation demands it, yet even when he lets his animal spirits go most completely, we never come near the blatant vulgarity of things like the Soldiers' March in Gounod's *Faust*—the artist is always there to keep the dramatic feelings in check. And there can be no two opinions about the way in which he rises to the great situations of his plot; like Balzac's pregnant short sentences, his phrases cut one almost like a knife. The materials with which he works are of the simplest order, yet with them he produces effects which are nothing less than wonderful. Of course *Carmen* is far from being a faultless work. There is a good deal of conventionality about the music which serves to fill up the spaces of the action—there is still a good deal of that old-fashioned plan of separate numbers—and the purely instrumental portions are little more than *potpourris*. But in spite of everything that can be said against it, the work has a wonderful warm vividness and force which will keep it alive long after French and Italian operas now its equals in popularity have been forgotten. The one thing necessary to its proper performance is that there shall be in the two principal singers at least, and in the conductor as well (this is far too often neglected), a complete sympathy with all the changing moods of the music, and a capacity for interpreting them. Though of course it is perfectly true that emotion undisciplined and unintellectualised is at least as bad as unemotionalised intellect—and the fact is one that is far too much forgotten in other spheres besides that of art—still it is really very little of a paradox to say that of all vices an artist's style can have, there is none so radically wrong as a dull accurate respectability. If a singer, or a player, or a conductor, cannot see that what is written down on paper is the merest shell of the music, he or she has no business to have anything to do with it at all. And in works like *Carmen*, which are full of hot blood from the first page to the last, any defects of this kind show themselves even more glaringly than usual.

E. W.

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

* * * In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.

SOUTH HAMPSHIRE.—The local branch of the Harrow Music School has removed from Finchley Road to No. 3,

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Broadhurst Gardens. A competition for a scholarship of one year's free tuition will be held early in November. Candidates must be under twenty years of age, and must not be, nor ever have been, students in the Harrow Music School. Candidates will be required to work an easy paper on the Theory of Music; also to play any scale or chords required by the examiners, as well as the pieces they have prepared. Special marks will be given for sight-reading. Unsuccessful candidates will be entitled to two terms' pianoforte lessons at a reduced fee, or they can have half the entrance fee returned.

NOTTINGHAM.—*Harrow Music School.*—An interesting lecture on the principles of singing was given on October 8th, by the Principal of the Nottingham Branch of the Harrow Music School, Mrs. Bowman Hart. Several illustrations were given from Vaccigi; and "Spring Song," by Ernest Walker, from his "Six Songs," was much appreciated, together with "Should he Upbraid" (Bishop), and a duet by Rubinstein.—A series of concerts will be given by this branch during the season, and a lecture by Mr. Arthur Richards on "Form in Music," to be followed by a distribution of certificates gained by pupils.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

* * To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.

OXFORD.—The term's concerts opened on Saturday, the 19th, with a piano and song recital by those old Oxford favourites, Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Plunket Greene. The programme was rather too heterogeneous in character, some of the songs in particular forming rather too violent contrasts in such close juxtaposition; but many of the items were extremely interesting, and the performances were throughout excellent in every way, and received the heartiest applause. Mr. Borwick's principal selection—Schumann's Fantasia in C major—was unfortunately largely spoiled by the fact that the Magdalen bells a few yards outside the hall selected the occasion for ringing a very lengthy peal, which was enough to distract any pianist; but still Mr. Borwick played singularly well, and later on, when the bells had stopped, quite regained his usual form. He was heard to very great advantage in some Chopin and Brahms selections, all of which were played with remarkable intellectual appreciation and technical ability; many in the audience were, however, inclined to regret that he should have added to these masterpieces so extremely trivial and worthless a production as Liszt's "Campanella." Mr. Plunket Greene (to whom Mr. Borwick was an ideal accompanist, showing once more the difference between the accompaniments of an artist who is a pianist first of all, and one who is not) sang no fewer than fourteen songs with all his well-known dramatic power and individuality of style which raise him to a point attained by only two or three other baritones in England. His vivid renderings of some old English country songs were received with great enthusiasm; and in the more serious portion of the programme he was heard to particular advantage in Schubert's "Litanei," Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau," and Lully's "Bois épais." The only song in which there seemed to be a deficiency was Brahms' beautiful "Feldeinsamkeit," the subtle dreaminess of which Mr. Plunket Greene hardly succeeded in catching.—The first of the Musical Club's Public Classical

Concerts was a great success. Miss Gabriele Wietrowetz played in her well-known broad, fine style Spohr's D minor Concerto and some smaller pieces, and Miss Marie Brema gave very remarkable renderings of Gluck's "Che farò," and some Irish songs arranged by Dr. Stanford; altogether two finer soloists it would be impossible to wish for. The orchestra, under Dr. Lloyd's direction, was heard to advantage in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture and Beethoven's Second Symphony.—The first of the Balliol Concerts takes place too late to be noticed till next month; but at the first two meetings of the Musical Club we have had Brahms' String Sextet in G, and the same composer's two recent Clarinet Sonatas, as well as the Schumann Quintet and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata for piano alone. The artists have been; Strings—Messrs. A. Gibson, H. H. Joachim, A. Hobday, A. J. Slocombe, P. Ludwig, J. H. Bowman; clarinet—Mr. J. Egerton; piano—Messrs. P. V. M. Benecke, F. Harvey, J. Taylor, E. Walker.

LIVERPOOL.—The first concert of the 57th season of the Philharmonic Society—the concert which, so to speak, annually heralds the winter and its accompanying amusements, took place on October 8th. Sir Charles Hallé occupied his accustomed place at the conductor's desk; the principals being Mr. Leonard Borwick and Miss Macintyre. The band—of which it is needless to speak—opened the programme with Schubert's Italian overture in C, which was given *con amore*. Mr. Borwick's principal number was Grieg's pianoforte concerto in A minor, which received such a rendering as might be expected from a player of Mr. Borwick's well-known capabilities, in conjunction with that combination of artists over whom Sir Charles Hallé wields the *bâton*. Miss Macintyre gave a recitative and air of Verdi, an air from Boito's *Mefistofele*, and a new song by Mr. Cowen. The overture to Mozart's *Il Seraglio*, given by the band, brought a most enjoyable concert to a close.—The Belgian pianist, M. de Greef, gave a recital in the Philharmonic Hall on the 4th inst. His audience was for some reason or other somewhat scanty, but his performance was highly appreciated by those who were present, and the interest created was such that another recital would be acceptable. His programme included the following: Etudes Symphoniques—Schumann; Impromptu, valse and scherzo—Chopin; a Grieg item; valse caprice—Moszkowski; and the inevitable Liszt Rhapsodie (No. 12).—The second of the winter evenings entertainments, being the first of the purely musical evenings, took place on the 16th. Miss Macintyre and Miss Clara Butt were the vocalists; Miss Wietrowetz the violinist; Miss Eveline Barry, the 'cellist, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, the pianist. Each of the lady vocalists charmed the audience by her magnificent powers, and Miss Barry was successful with her items, her tone being pure and her phrasing true. Miss Wietrowetz, whose tone was somewhat thin, but whose execution is remarkably neat, was associated with Mr. Borwick in rendering the "Kreutzer Sonata," and Mr. Borwick afterwards charmed the audience with some solos of his own.—The Sunday Society began operations on the 13th, the permanent orchestra (which has been increased to 70 performers) gave the incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, German; the *Oberon* overture, Weber; and *Poet and Peasant*, Suppé. The vocalists were Miss Jennie Pritchard and Mr. E. Trowbridge. On the 20th inst. the vocalists were Miss Kate Shields, and Mr. Hartley Ditchburn, the bass from Durham Cathedral. This society aims at giving music and other instructive recreation on Sunday afternoon.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Miss Ethel Wilson's recital, held in the New Assembly Rooms, was in every way a success, and fully realised the most sanguine expectations of her friends. The young artist, aged about eighteen, an L.R.A.M., studying at the Royal Academy, is the daughter of a Newcastle gentleman. During her course at the Royal Academy, where she has been fortunate in having for one of her instructors Mr. Burnett, an acknowledged gifted teacher, she has been most successful in carrying off many medals and honours—at her recital she wore a gold medal for violin playing, another for pianoforte playing, and another for sight-reading. Her sisters, who took part in the concert also, displayed medals, one for "harp," and another for "cello." The large and fashionable audience, assembled on September 20th, at first disposed to be critical, were not slow to bestow hearty approval when it became apparent that they were listening to a young lady well on the way to become an artist of the first rank. The entire programme contributed by the *débutante* was given from memory, and it was very difficult to decide which to admire most, the violin playing or pianoforte, in both of which she excels. The pianoforte works included Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, Liszt's twelfth *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, and a Ballade by Grieg. The violin works were the first movement from Beethoven's Concerto with Vieuxtemps' Cadenza, a Romance (Op. 42), by Max Bruch, Vieuxtemps' Air and Variations, and Carrodus's Adieu. In response to one of the many encores, Schumann's *Abendlied* was given with a breadth of tone and exquisite feeling and sympathy such as we have not heard surpassed. Miss Edwardine, Miss Amy and Miss Annie Wilson respectively contributed to the success of the concert with harp, 'cello and second violin. Miss Annie Wilson was a sympathetic accompanist. Vocalist, Miss Philippa Verdi.—At Olympia, a capital concert was given on the 7th of October by Miss Fanny Moody, Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. John Child and party. Miss Fanny Moody is an especial favourite in Newcastle, and a large audience gathered to hear her fine singing.—The event of the month was the visit of the great vocalist, Madame Adelina Patti. The Olympia on Monday, Oct. 14th, was crowded, compatibly with comfort. No doubt more *could* have been got in, but the management wisely declined the money. It is scarcely necessary to say that the very appearance of Madame Patti created the wildest enthusiasm. The other artists were Miss Marianne Eissler (piano) and Miss Clara Eissler (harp), Mr. Frederic Dawson (piano), Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Douglas Powell and Mme. Belle Cole (vocalists). Mr. Wilhelm Ganz accompanied. Promoters, Messrs. Harrison, Birmingham. Local agents, Messrs. Hirschmann and Co.—The Saturday popular concerts supplied by the corporation, at which we have already had Mr. Santley and Mr. Foli, are going to have serious competition at Olympia, through the enterprise of Messrs. Alderson and Brentnall. It will be interesting to note which will meet with the popular favour, Corporation *versus* private enterprise.—Harvest Festivals too numerous to mention have been taking place. The most important have been Hiller's *Song of Victory* at the Cathedral and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* at St. George's, under the direction of Dr. Huntley and Mr. Jas. Preston respectively, on both occasions with organ and orchestra.—An interesting and successful concert was given at Gosforth, on Friday, October 11th, by a party from Mr. Murray's Music Studio. The various performers were received with much enthusiasm. Miss Jaques, Silver Medalist, pupil of Mr. Murray, scored a marked success with her brilliant

performance of Alard's fantasia on *Il Trovatore* for violin, and in response to a hearty encore she contributed Papini's "Moresque." A charming rendering of the Bach-Gounod meditation, given by Miss Jaques, violin; Miss Marian Murray, harp; Mr. T. H. Murray, 'cello; and Mr. Murray, organ, also had to be repeated. Mr. T. H. Murray's 'cello solos were given with true artistic feeling, especially Schumann's *Abendlied* and Reniecke's *Prière du Soir*. A deliciously dainty excerpt from *Rigoletto* (Verdi-Oberthur), given by Miss Marian H. Murray, harp, and Miss Murray, piano, met with marked favour from a most attentive audience, who would fain have a repetition. Mr. Murray also contributed two piano solos. Miss Martin and Miss Patterson were the vocalists.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Branch of the "Amalgamated Musicians' Union" gave a most enjoyable concert on Monday, 14th ult., in aid of their benevolent fund. The orchestra numbered 50 and the chorus some 250, selected from the various Catholic Choirs in the city. Though the programme was miscellaneous the various items were well done. Mr. W. H. Cole conducted the orchestra and Mr. Donnelly the chorus. It is seldom that the *Gloria* from the first Mass of Haydn is heard to such advantage. The choir of course were perfectly familiar with the music, and it is only a pity that such a body of vocalists should not be consolidated and give regular concerts of the music of Mozart, Haydn, or Palestrina—there is room for such a society.—Mr. Halshead (pianoforte) and Mr. Kosman (violin) gave a chamber concert in the Queen's Rooms, which was well filled. They were assisted by Miss Sylvia Rita, who sang amongst other things a "Chant Arabe" with great success.—The Corporation recitals have commenced on the Saturday afternoons in the City Hall; and in the evening the "Abstainers" have their regular series of concerts, running now for some 19 seasons.—Next week we are to have "Richter and his Orchestra," the Meister Glee Singers, and Mme. Albani, all outside regular Orchestral and Choral Concerts, which begin shortly. Assuredly if Glasgow is not musical it is not for want of concerts.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

BRAHMS is, it is stated, engaged just at present on the setting of a number of lyrics in East Prussian dialect by a peasant woman, Johanna Ambrosius, whose poetic talents have only recently been discovered.

AN association has recently been formed for the purpose of carrying out a scheme to erect a "Donizetti Theatre" and a statue in honour of the composer at Bergamo, where the author of *La Favorita* was born.

SEÑOR SARASATE and Mme. Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt have been recently giving, with great success, a series of concerts at Pampeluna. Señor Sarasate has given similar performances annually for the last twenty years, and has always devoted the receipts to the benefit of the poor of his native town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

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J. T. HUGHES, Esq^r

Assistant Organist of Chester Cathedral & Organist of West Derby Parish Church, Liverpool.

"BREAK FORTH INTO JOY."

Christmas Anthem FOR 4 VOICES

Isaiah LII. vv. 9 10

& Hymn "Adeste Fideles"

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With Spirit.

Sw:

Solo G^t

ORGAN.

G^t coup: to Sw:

Break forth in - to joy, break forth in - to joy, Sing to -

- ge - ther ye waste pla - ces of Je - ru - sa - lem: Break forth in - to joy, break

PAW 2035.

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forth in to joy, — Sing to ge ther yewaste places of Je ru sa lem; for the
 Lord hath made bare his ho ly arm in the sight of all the na
 tions; and all the ends of the world have seen the sal va tion of our
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 God for the Lord hath com fort ed his peo ple, He hath re

p *cres.*
p *cres.*
f *p* *Sw:*

the
 . deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem. He hath com - fort - ed, He hath re - deem - ed.

He hath com - fort - ed and re - deem - ed re - deem - ed.

dim e rit: He hath com - fort - ed and re - deem - ed re - deem - ed.

dim e rit:

Soprano Solo or Chorus.

Alla Pastorale.

p Yea, Lord' we greet Thee, born this hap - - py morn - ing.

** Sw: pp*

f Je - su to Thee be glo - - ry giv'n

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* HANDEL'S PASTORAL SYMPHONY IS PARTIALLY INTRODUCED HERE.
 P. & W. 2035.

Word of the Fa - - ther now in Flesh ap - pear - - ing;

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Come let us a - dore Him Christ the Lord.

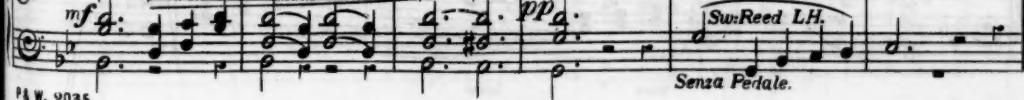
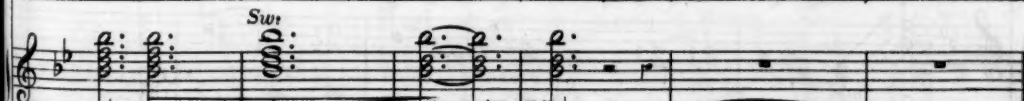
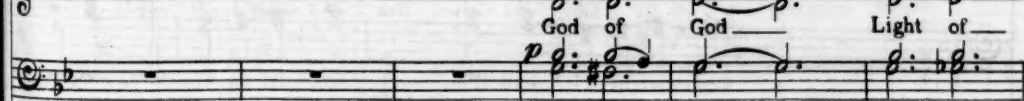
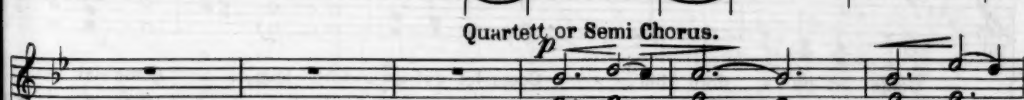
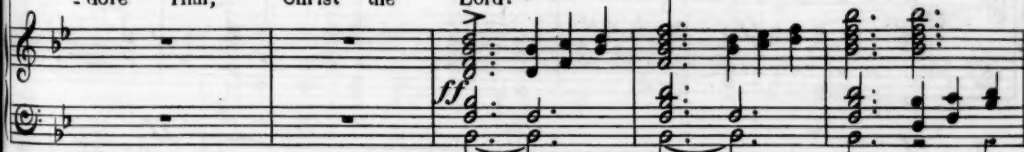
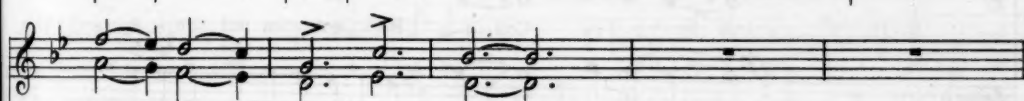
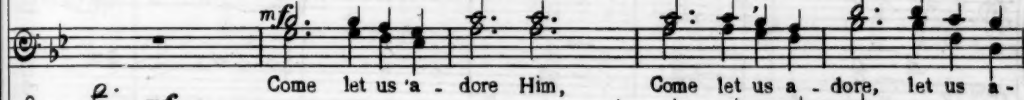
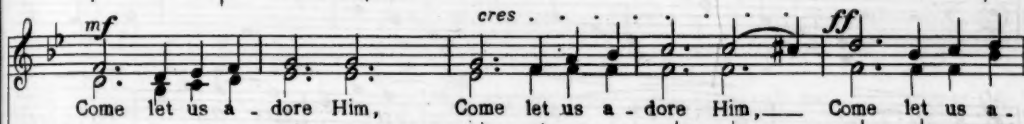
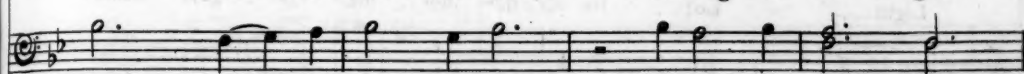
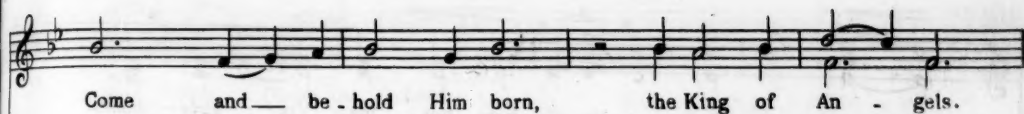
cres - *cen -* *do*

CHORUS.

ff
Come all ye Faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - - phant,

ff

Come ye O come ye to Beth - le - - hem.



Light — Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb.

Sw Reed

Soft Gt

Ped

CHORUS.

ff Ve - - ry God — Be - got - ten not cre - a - ted;

mf Come let us a - dore Him, *cres.* Come let us a - dore Him, — *ff* Come let us a -

Come let us a - dore Him, Come let us a - dore, let us a -

-dore Him Christ the Lord.

Tempo Primo.

Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing all ye ci-tizens in

Heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God Glo-ry to God Glo-ry to

God in the High-est!

Sing all ye

Sing all ye ci-tizens of

High-est, Sing all ye ci-tizens of Heav'n, ye ci-tizens of

Heav'n
Glo - ry to God in the High - est, to God in the High - est, Glo - ry to
Heav'n Glo - ry to God to

God Glo - ry to God in the High -

- est Glo - ry to God in the High - est, in the High -

- est, in the High - est

Full Song

Gt





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